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WOMAN'S WORK

A FOREIGN MISSIONS MAGAZINE

Reasonable Optimism

When I Was President

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

VOL. XXXIII No. 1

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WOMAN'S WORK

A Foreign Missions Magazine

VOL. XXXIV DECEMBER, 1919 No. 11

It was a very great disappointment to the Editor and publishers of Woman's Work that the November and December issues of the magazine were so much delayed in appearing. Our experience was that of many other weekly and monthly periodicals. The November number was entirely "set up" and practically ready to go on the press when the printers and pressmen struck. Our printer was willing to concede all they demanded rather than disappoint his customers but his men went out on a "sympathetic strike." An exact schedule of dates is so vitally important in the periodical business that this delay has caused great inconvenience in our editorial and circulation departments, but we trust that now there will be no further interruption or delay, though this we can not guarantee as long as contracts are regarded as mere "scraps of paper" by mechanical workers.

Our usual Index of the magazine's contents is now ready for the year 1919. It will be included in all bound volumes ordered, and a copy of it will be mailed to any subscriber who sends to our office a postal requesting it.

As we consider our missions to Moslem countries we are reminded of a description written by the late Miss Lenore Schoebel, who was so loved and mourned in Persia, of her visits to Moslem homes. She said:

* * * "Let those who think Mohammedanism sufficient for its people spend a similar two weeks among them, especially the women. We found scarcely a woman who had not been divorced or who was not one of the several wives of one man, and not one did we find who was happy in her home. Either her husband maltreated her or her mother-in-law oppressed her, or she was sick with no one to care whether she lived or died —and all of them sure of a speedy divorce unless they met the demands of their lords. And many of them were so young, too. We saw one little undersized girl of not more than ten years of age, a bride of several months. At the end of the two weeks I felt I had gained much valuable experience, but I was thoroughly glad to leave behind the awful squalor and degradation and to return to my own clean rooms and to associates of a higher order."

We are reminded, too, of Secretary Speer's address, at the June Conference, in which he was advising the new missionaries to make a point of understanding wrong religions, to treat their symbols and observances with respect, to become acquainted with their priests, to judge them, not by their deformities but by their best points, remembering that we ourselves fail to measure up to our own New Testament standards. They should rejoice to discover any good in non-Christian religions and in it to find a point of contact on which to start their work. "But," he said, "do not overdo similarities or resemblances, there are far more dissimiliarities. Christianity does not belong to their class—it is not *a* religion, it is *the* religion! There is now much cheap talk about all religions being fundamentally alike. Not so! Christianity is diametrically different from a religion which enjoins polygamy, allows falsehood, advocates death for those who oppose Mahomet, and degrades woman to the level of the beast."

We had hoped to have some account, written expressly for our magazine, of the experiences and observations of Secretary Stanley White, recently returned from his visit to Syria. But since his return Dr. White has been so overwhelmed with accumulations of official

business, and with engagements for speaking and writing, that he has been unable to comply with the request that he speak through our columns to an audience far larger than his voice could reach.

AGAIN THE EDITOR registers her protest against having to crowd the two important mission fields of Persia and Syria into one issue of our magazine. When the authorities re-arranged our schedule of topics for the year in order that these might harmonize with those of the Board of Home Missions, as shown in the united *Yearbook,* it was hoped by many that the re-adjustment might include a change in our December number. But this was not the case. So, from much valuable material coming in from both Persia and Syria, we reluctantly choose what to leave out.

SPEAKING OF SYRIA'S sorrows, Dr. Geo. A. Ford, while in this country, said that God offered to David his choice of three forms of punishment for his sin. The three alternatives were: Seven years of famine, to flee for three months before his enemies, or to suffer three days of pestilence. Syria, said Dr. Ford, in recent years had endured all three and had added a fourth, a plague of locusts, which had devastated the crops when the people had begun to hope for a harvest.

REPRESENTING the Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions, Secretary Speer recently had a conference with the State Department, in Washington, with the Passport Bureau, and with Mr. Caldwell, the American Minister to Persia. Questions considered were the need of reinforcing the Persia Missions and the issuance of passports to the new and returning missionaries; the erroneous reports regarding political activities of the missionaries in Persia; the claims of the Assyrians for repatriation and security; the indemnification of the Missions and the Assyrians for their losses; the re-establishment of order in Urumia, and the expectation of the Board whenever practicable to inaugurate missionary work in Afghanistan.

MISS ALICE BARBER, who has recently rejoined the Syria Mission, writes of visiting the Lebanon Sanatorium for tuberculous patients, with which the name of Dr. Mary Eddy will always be indissolubly associated. She says that the nurse in charge told her that more than once during the war the Turks had sent men to cut down the great pine trees surrounding the building, but that each time her remonstrances had saved the trees. Miss Anna Jessup tells of the strenuous efforts it required during those years to obtain for the Sanatorium even the barest necessities of food and medical supplies, and adds that she is grateful that now the American Red Cross has begun cooperation with the Sanatorium, providing food and appliances to make the patients more comfortable and the work more effective. Tuberculosis is increasing as privation has made the people less able to resist infection. The added strength of the Red Cross will make the Sanatorium even more widely and vitally useful than heretofore.

IT HAS OFTEN been said that long before philanthropists began talking about social service, our missionaries were doing it! That their activities in this line were not easlly discouraged has been demonstrated conclusively during the last few years when under unprecedented conditions and crushing difficulties they have continued a laborious and soul-wearing service to the bodies and souls of their poor charges, a service that to one after another of our missionaries has brought release from toil, for they were, not figuratively but literally, "worked to death."

IT IS SAID by some who speak their language and are in intimate relations with them that the Syrian Federation in the United States earnestly desire that this country should be the sovereign state

Our Missionaries in Moslem Lands

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESS

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THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

"Who for us men and for our salvation
came down from heaven,
And was incarnate."

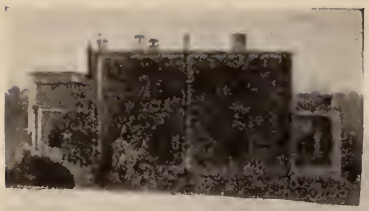
Wrapp'd in His swaddling bands,
And in His manger laid,
The hope and glory of all lands
Is come to the world's aid:
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled,
Guests rudely went and came where slept the royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,
No other thought should be.
Once duly welcomed and adored,
How should I part with Thee?
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt grace
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding place.

—*Keble.*

in Syria. Dr. Stanley White, whose visit to Syria was in the double capacity of a member of the Commission for Armenian and Syrian Relief and a Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions on a tour of inspection, says that wherever he went he heard the question: *"Why doesn't America come over here and do her part?"* More and more every year the thinkers in our own country are realizing the necessity for us of the "international mind."

A STRIKE against polygamy on the part of Moslem women may come to pass. Some of them are seeking emancipation. At an "All-India Moslem Ladies' Conference" at Lahore, the women issued an emphatic manifesto against polygamous marriages.



Sifting rocks on the grounds of the new College Compound at Teheran; house occupied by Rev. Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Jordan.
Photos. sent by Mrs. Eva B. Douglas.

Hamadan Under British Occupation

DR. J. A. FUNK

WHEN A STATE OF ANARCHY developed in Russia and her armies became disorganized and disintegrated, Hamadan, being on the road between Russia and Bagdad, saw the gradual withdrawal of the armies on this front, extended over a period of eight or ten months. The Lily Reid Holt Memorial Hospital, which had been used as a Red Cross hospital by the Russians, was evacuated late in 1917, although after this, two different bands of soldiers, officered by privates, occupied the building as a barracks for more than a month, without orders from the Russian commander and in defiance of our protests. By February, 1917, practically the only Russians remaining were units connected with the Red Cross and allied organizations, and a few officers who dared not return to Russia.

Toward the end of January, the first contingent of British officers and men arrived. These were a small part of a force which was to be sent to Baku and the Caucasus, for the purpose of organizing and training Armenian soldiers who had volunteered to continue the fight against the Turks, begun by Russia, part of them being Armenian regulars of the Russian army, and part of them unorganized Turkish-Armenians who had fled into Russia. This first contingent numbered less than one hundred. They had intended remaining in Hamadan only over night, and had received our consent to occupy a couple of rooms in our hospital, which had only just been cleaned up after the Russian occupation; but weather conditions prevented their moving on for a week later. Before a second contingent could arrive, the first section had returned to Hamadan, having been foiled in the attempt to reach Russia by forest tribes near Resht, and by Bolshevists, and thus compelled to fall back on Hamadan until more forces arrived. Severe wintry weather prevented reinforcements arriving until about April first. During this time, the men continued to use the hospital, there being no other suitable place. Then, with the arrival of new forces, we were asked to turn it over for use as a military hospital, it being expected that Hamadan would be a military base for some time.

However, the little British force did not feel too secure in Hamadan, for a considerable number of the Persians were hostile to the British as allies of the Rus-

sians. Among these was the Governor, who called himself a "Democrat," or nationalist patriot; he had surrounded himself with a small force of mounted men from Tabriz, the center of Persian democracy, and an attack from this source was feared. For this reason, several armored cars were kept in readiness in the hospital yard in case of attack. The hostility of the Persians manifested itself principally in talk, the governor was shortly removed from office, more troops arrived and the forces moved forward, headquarters advancing to Kazvin.

Owing to a shortage of doctors in the army forces in Persia, I was asked to take appointment in the medical corps for service only in Hamadan,—retaining connection with the Mission,—and with the consent of the Mission, I accepted. Throughout my connection with the army, my work was entirely confined to our own hospital, thus enabling me to keep an eye on all that went on in the building, and in this way, preventing a repetition of the treatment given it by the Russians,—not that such a thing was likely, for it is difficult to imagine the filthy condition in which the building had been left by its Russian occupants.

At the time of the arrival of the British, Persia was in the throes of the worst famine in fifty years, if not longer, and we missionaries were doing all we could with limited funds and inadequate foodstuffs at our disposal to relieve the suffering in Hamadan. We were able to reach about fifteen hundred families, or about six thousand people, to whom we gave a half-pound of bread or its equivalent in money, each day. Those who were able to supplement this with something more managed to survive the hard time, but where this was not possible, the help given was often insufficient to stave off starvation or prevent typhus or some other disease carrying them off. This relief distribution had to be continued till the end of July, when the new crops began coming in. Many thousands of the population of Hamadan died as a result of the famine.

As soon as the British were established in Hamadan, the army instituted relief work, particularly in the making of roads; at first this was confined to the neighborhood of the city, but gradually was extended to large sections of the country along the line of communications of the army, all the way from the Turkish border to Hamadan, and from Hamadan to Senneh, Bijar and Dolatabad. For the most part, men alone were employed, but in the country districts women also were taken on. All were paid a good wage, and those especially were employed who were most needy, and it made no difference whether they could work one hour or the whole day, they received the same. It was most ludicrous to see the assortment of implements with which they came to work,—spades, pickaxes, hoes, and small fire-shovels, all in every stage of decrepitude. Some of the missionaries were engaged in this work also, finding out and recommending the most

Persians employed about the Compound.

needy, and also preventing duplication where help was already being given.

By the beginning of the summer the army had increased to quite considerable proportions. Fighting was going on around Resht with the forest tribes, who were finally routed and brought to terms by the use of aeroplanes, armored cars, Gurkha Indians, and other troops, and then Baku was occupied. Our hospital was soon filled to overflowing and then recourse was had to tents, first putting them in the hospital grounds, then in adjoining fields and in what was originally intended for a European cemetery; finally shelters were erected in addition to the tents, and by the end of the summer we had over four hundred military patients. Little Ford trucks were everywhere in evidence, and at one time a whole regiment of Gurkhas was rushed from Baghdad to Resht in Ford cars. We also saw numerous larger trucks of American makes, but the little Ford truck was the rule. Aeroplanes were almost a daily occurrence.

The hospital. Photos. loaned by Dr. Funk.

And what about our mission medical work with the army in the hospital? Fortunately, our main dispensary is in the center of the city, while the hospital and our residence are just beyond the outskirts. and in the same building with the dispensary is the woman's Whipple Memorial Hospital. For a number of years we have had no lady physician in Hamadan, and consequently, the women's hospital has been unused. As soon as the men's hospital was occupied by the Russian Red Cross, we began using the women's hospital for men patients, and continued this arrangement until the British turned our hospital back to us. The British medical officers were ever ready to render any assistance asked for in the care of Persian patients, thus making our work more effective.

While the food situation in Hamadan was still acute, in the middle of August, the neighborhood of the city was inundated by a host of refugees, Syrians and Armenians. It will be recalled that these people had been besieged by the Turks and Kurds for several months in the city of Urumia, several hundred miles north of Hamadan. Great numbers of these had to start out with very little provision for the twenty or more days of travel (on foot for the most part) down to Hamadan, whither they were headed, and in a famine year where could they acquire food for themselves and their animals—horses, donkeys, cattle and sheep—along a road leading through hostile Kurdish and Persian villages? Thousands died before they reached Hamadan, the possibly 70,000 being reduced to something like 50,000, and most of those who survived suffered from malaria, typhoid, typhus, cholera, small-pox and dysentery. The British military, which had conducted them from the time they reached the army until they were finally settled in Mesopotamia, wisely prevented, as far as possible, the entrance of this horde into the city itself, establishing a camp for them ten miles outside until they could be moved on. With their small forces, it was impossible to prevent all from getting in, and besides, quite a number were brought in to assist in the administration of relief, and in this way two or three thousand remained in the city up to the time of our leaving there in

March of this year. Through the winter there was a great deal of typhus among these as well as among the Persians, but fortunately, of a mild type with few deaths. Relief work also had to be maintained, but this was administered largely by members of the American-Persian Relief Commission, which arrived in Persia last autumn.

The influenza epidemic caught us in Persia as elsewhere, its first appearance being in September. Great numbers were carried off and we heard of whole villages which had been depleted as a result. Fortunately, there was only the one appearance. It was thought we might again be confronted with famine during the winter and spring, but through the efforts of the missionaries and a couple of English gentlemen, and with funds granted by the Relief Commission, large supplies of grain were bought in advance. As during the preceding year, owners of grain tried to force the price up, but before the price of bread had gone over about twenty cents a pound, we were able to begin the operation of our own bakeries, and in this way supplied a third to one-half of the population with bread at about eight cents a pound. Famine was thus averted and we heard of no cases of starvation.

The presence of the British in Hamadan has affected our work generally but little, beyond the fact that interpreters were in great demand, and our school boys of the higher classes with a working knowledge of English, were difficult to retain in school, comparatively high wages being paid in the army. On the other hand, the Persians recognized that English would increasingly be used in the country, and they were therefore the more willing to have their boys learn this language in the only place it could be learned,—our boys' school. The country has been rendered quite safe for traveling about in the regions where British power is felt, and in this way it has been possible to do more itinerating than for years past.

We do not know what the future has in store, but if the British remain in Persia, it is quite certain order will be restored and under such rule, our work cannot help but advance.

East of the Persian Desert

Rev. Dwight M. Donaldson

If you look on the map of Persia, in the *Yearbook of Prayer,* far away to the east of the well-known centers of our work, Tabriz, Urumia, Hamadan, Teheran, you will see the isolated station at Meshed. North of it is Russia, still further East is the wild country of Afghanistan. For years, Dr. Esselstyn was the only missionary at Meshed. Now that he has been taken, the Donaldsons and the Hoffmans are to hold this frontier fort. At General Assembly, last spring, Mr. Donaldson sketched some of his prophetic visions of new outposts across the border to be occupied by the forces of Christ. Just as the North Siam missionaries wanted to press across their border to work among Laos-speaking people in China, so this valiant vanguard in Persia, with forward vision, looks across the frontier to Afghanistan. Mr. Donaldson gives our readers an outline of the possibilities as he sees them.—Editor.

In the Heart of Persia is a desert of approximately ninety-four thousand square miles, which is almost as extensive as the total area of Serbia, Roumania and Greece. Beginning about seventy-five miles southeast of Teheran, this desert extends due east for about three hundred and fifty miles, and southeast for six hundred and fifty miles. By far the greater part of the desert is a barren region, sometimes sandy, sometimes covered with the salt that is 'good only to be trodden under the foot of man' and again there are great areas that are desert only for want of rain. The soil would be all right in these parts if it could have water.

In the very midst of one of the most desolate parts of the Persian desert are the twin cities of *Tun* and *Tabbas.* As yet, these two cities have not been visited by missionaries. We know that they have water there, that they raise dates and oranges, which they send by caravans to the cities that lie to the east and to the south, and we know also that during the time of the influenza in Persia, the of-

ficials of Tun and Tabbas sent a petition to the Governor of Khorasan, saying, "We are fifty thousand people without a doctor!"

But East of the Persian Desert there is a vast fertile district with twelve principal cities. In one of these cities, Meshed, the sacred "healing place" of Islam and the capital of Khorasan, a mission station has been started. The missionaries of this station have undertaken to spy out the land that lies east of the Persian Desert. They have visited the twelve cities, have sold many Scriptures in each of them, have preached wherever they have sold Scriptures; in fact, they have prepared these twelve cities for missionary occupation.

One of these cities is *Nishapur*. In a garden on the outskirts of the city is the tomb of Omar Khayyam. The city itself has been visited repeatedly by Meshed missionaries, and the people of the city are very anxious that at least a branch hospital should be established there. But the conversations on this subject always lead to the remark, "We really need you to come and live right in our city."

Sabzevar, with its streets thronged with traders, its schools imitating our mission schools in Teheran, is the city where five hundred patients delayed the first mission doctor twelve days when he was on his way to Meshed. *Bujnurd* and *Kuchan* lie somewhat to the north, towards Turkestan. There are Christian adherents in these two cities, who welcome the missionary on his visits, and who are praying that the time may come when they, too, can have mission stations in their cities.

Another interesting place is *Karez*. It lies on the very border of Afghanistan, on the main road from Meshed to Herat, the nearest large city in Afghanistan. A branch hospital in Karez in the near future is inevitable, and a much larger work would be abundantly justified. *Khaf,* a very ancient city, lies close to Karez, and could be worked by the same missionaries. But *Birjand* will demand a station of its own, for there is a magnificent village district surrounding Birjand.

The two cities remaining are *Neh* and *Nasratabad*. There should be one large, well-equipped station in Nasratabad, with an out-station in Neh. Nasratabad is the capital of the Province of Seistan, a region through which it has been difficult to fix the boundary line between Persia and Afghanistan. It was in Nasratabad that in one morning the writer saw the office of the English bank crowded with one hundred and twenty-five Afghans, who had brought bags of silver coins to deposit in safety. The shopkeepers in Nasratabad bought Scriptures with avidity and asked straightforward questions of honest inquiry. The Principal of the

Some Urumia schoolgirls at their noonday meal. Notice the long rolls of thin sheets of bread. The food is *booshala*, a kind of thick soup of buttermilk stock filled with cabbage and other greens. It is served in large crocks and each girl has an enamel plate and a large wooden spoon.

School took the visiting missionaries from room to room and had them examine the boys. He also had become somewhat familiar with mission schools and was adopting some of their methods.

The missionaries who have gone and are going east of the Persian Desert, to the station of Meshed, are able to say that Meshed is the station that put the East into the East Persia Mission, for as yet there is no other American Mission

Station in the eastern half of Persia. The nominal distinction between the East and West Persia Missions, really distinguishes the West from the Far West, and the vast, fertile and well-populated region that lies east of the Persian Desert, along the border of Afghanistan, is the new mission field where the frontier station is Meshed.

There is a telegraph line across Persia, but we can not think of wiring the missionaries in the other mission stations to come across the desert and help us, for we know how great the pressure of opportunity is where they are now working. But we do venture to send this message back home by personal representatives, or missionary magazines, *"Come across the desert and help us on the Persian-Afghan border!"*

Refugees who had just been helped by gifts of clothing and one warm quilt for each family represented. Photos. sent before her death by the lamented Miss Lenore Schoebel.

A Twentieth Century Version of the Eleventh of Hebrews

(Mrs. W. A.) Mary Lewis Shedd

Now FAITH MEANS that we are confident of what we hope for, confident of what we do not see. It was for this the men and women of today as well as those of old won their record. . . . . And what more shall I say? Time would fail me to tell of Kasha David, of Kasha Mooslin, of Iser, of Sheiren, of Robi Maryam, the Biblewoman, of John Mooshie, of Baron Stapan—men and women who by faith endured oppression, injustice and loss of all things. With the cry of "Djihad!" (holy war declared in the name of Mohammed) ringing in their ears for months, they trusted the promises, hoping that God might save them from utter destruction. When it pleased Him to test them by bullet, sword, hunger, thirst, sickness, weariness, exhaustion, torture, terror and agonizing death, delivering up the noblest and best of their girls and women to the vile passions of Persians, Turks and Kurds, in their weakness and helplessness they found strength and were valiant in spirit, praising God that He, having heard their prayers, answered them by providing a way of escape through sickness and death. Thus their enemies rejoiced over them, not knowing that their hosts of evil were routed and beaten by the unseen spiritual victories of their victims.

Some have been given back to their

friends raised from the very dead; others, little children and old women, with great barbarities put to death; many refusing to accept release that they might obtain a better resurrection. Others again had to experience scoffs and scourgings, aye, shame and dishonor, nakedness and imprisonment; deported and driven like cattle through scorching heat, without food or water, thousands dying and left unburied on the roadside, in fields and mountains. They were cut to pieces; they endured shameful tortures which modern civilization refuses even to put into language. They roamed about with not so much as a sheepskin or goatskin to cover them, forlorn, oppressed, ill-treated, driven insane by the things they saw and suffered (men and women of whom the world was not worthy!) wanderers in the desert, and among the hills, in caves and gullies, in swamps and cemeteries. Thousands are still enduring cruel captivity and testing for their faith's sake. Many have won their record for faith, but the promise that the sword of Islam shall be conquered by the Sword of the Spirit, racial and religious hatred by the power of Christian love, Mohammed vanquished by Christ, every Moslem knee bowing to Him and every Moslem tongue confessing His name,—this they did not obtain!

God has something better in store for us, requiring a faith, purpose and devotion which can not be moved, though we, too, be called upon to be sharers with them in the things they endured, and so be perfected together with them. Therefore, with all this host of witnesses encircling us, we must strip off every handicap, to run our appointed course steadily, our eyes fixed upon Jesus as the pioneer and the perfection of faith.

OF EVEN more than usual beauty and interest is the Christmas Sunday-school exercise issued this year by the Educational Department of the Assembly's Board. It is called *Christmas Land*, and in picture, story and verse takes the children on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The exercise was arranged by Dr. John H. Finley, and will be supplied to Sunday-schools by the Educational Department.

CONSCRIPTS OF CONSCIENCE, the story by Caroline Atwater Mason, now appearing in our columns, is to be published December first in book form by F. H. Revell Company, New York. The story forms a strong plea for women medical missionaries for the Orient, closely in line with the textbook, *A Crusade of Compassion*. Its incidents are so natural and so graphically told that their suggestion will surely sink into many hearts. The price of the book will be one dollar.

Girls who graduated in 1919 from the American School for Girls in Beirut.

Schoolgirls at Beirut

OTTORA M. HORNE

"Let some look back on days gone by forever,
Or castles built for the days yet to come;
We girls have no such vain emotion,—
With present joys content we are,
We love our school with strong devotion,
Hip! hip! hurrah! for A. S. G.!"
(*School-song, American School for Girls.*)

HAD YOU BEEN VISITORS in Beirut, Syria, last July, no doubt on Monday, the seventh of the month, you would have made a part of the expectant audience in the prettily decorated Memorial Hall where, after dozens and dozens of girls all in white, had marched down the aisle to the

places reserved for them, the music changed to a well-known strain and one hundred and seventy happy young voices rang out with the words of the school-song. The occasion was the Annual Commencement of our Mission School, known as the American School for Girls at Beirut, Syria.

There were nine graduated this year and some of them have been in the school as many years. I want to tell you something of what our graduates have been doing during the war.

Many of them were in Egypt, teachers in Mission schools, or married and living in comparative comfort. Their hearts were heavy, however, with the thought of those who were suffering from disease and lack of food and clothing in Syria. So they gave money, made piles of clothing, bought medicines and food, and sent it at the first opportunity, to Syria.

One of our graduates taught in the Assiout school. When the revolt broke out in Upper Egypt, this school was surrounded by a ring of burning buildings, yet the school was saved! Who shall say that God had not sent His angel to stay the progress of the flames? When the Red Cross Society was able to take over the work of relief in Syria, our girls with their trained minds and hands and their willing hearts were in demand everywhere.

I visited Deir ul Kamar, and in the room where wool was spinning to yarn, I found an A. S. G. girl in charge; in the knitting-room where many of the women and children were clad from head to foot in knitted garments, the hand and head that directed this work belonged, also, to one of our girls. In the school, one of our girls was the teacher—and so it was wherever our girls were available. There was work for them to do.

Sometimes they were obliged themselves to struggle against great odds for the means of existence. In one instance, I found that a girl, her mother and brother, were living on a sum of money which was equivalent to about $2.40 per month, and this when bread was twenty-five cents for a small black loaf about as large as a saucer.

Amma told me about it. She said: "I take care of the money and buy everything; you know my brother cannot be trusted, he would spend it all in two days, and my mother is sick." And then I asked her to tell me how she managed. "Well," she said, "I never buy wheat, but always barley to make our bread, and I buy every day a cent's worth of sour cheese or oil to eat with it. We can each have only a small loaf. But on Sundays I buy one-half pound of the cheapest meat and then we have a feast." Amma earned one-third of the money by teaching English, her brother earned another third, and the rest was from my charity fund. Amma said that sometimes she or her brother were not paid promptly and then they would have nothing to eat. "And then," she added, "I always call my mother and tell God about it, *and He has never let us starve!*"

Before I left Syria, Amma had taken her first Protestant communion with us, but she did not ask admission to the church until the hardest days were over. So no one can call her a "rice" Christian.

Some of our girls were teachers in our own school and they did all they could for the starving and sick. The investigating for the Red Cross was done largely by them; the clerical work claimed them also, they helped in the food kitchens, everywhere we were thankful and proud to find them working.

In the large orphanage where four hundred Armenian orphans and half as many Kurds were taken care of, I saw one of the A. S. G. girls in charge of the girls, another head nurse in the hospital and four others teaching in the various classes there.

So year by year as we send out our senior classes after Commencement, we have the satisfaction of feeling that we have put into the world just so many more who will be as lights in dark places, who cannot forget the gospel story and whose lives must tell for good.

CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE

ARRIVALS:

At San Francisco, Aug. 25—Mrs. F. M. Stead from E. Persia. Address, 1513-17th St., Santa Monica, Cal.

Aug. 30—Dr. Harriet M. Allyn from S. China. Address, 264 Jefferson Ave., New London, Conn.

Miss Ada C. Russell from Central China. Address, Gainesville, Texas.

At San Francisco, Sept. 2—Miss Carrie H. McCrory from Japan. Address, 411 N. Linn St., Iowa City, Iowa.

At Vancouver, Sept. 24—Rev. and Mrs. Chas. E. Patton from S. China. Address, Warrior's Mark, Pa.

Sept.—Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Whitener from Japan. Address, Denver, Ill.; Miss Ida R. Luther from Japan. Address, 224 Pine St., Long Beach, Cal.; Rev. and Mrs. Wm. J. Smith from the Philippines. Address, Wilmot, S. D.; Miss Grace O. Woodside from India. Address, Brunswick, Me.

Oct. 10—Mrs. E. A. Enders from India. Address, Care of Mrs. Stockwell, 1708 Oneida St., Utica, N. Y.; Dr. and Mrs. Janvier from India.

Oct.—Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Smith from N. China. Address, Chappell, Neb.; Miss Emma Morris from India. Address, Care of Mrs. E. J. B. Morris, Edgewater, N. J.

DEPARTURES:

From New York, Oct. 1—Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Phillips, Miss Lena M. Wilson, to join the Venezuela Mission.

From Vancouver, Oct. 2—Miss Mabel L. Lee, returning to Kiangen; Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Hartzell, returning to, Miss Sarah L. Strong, to join the N. Siam Mission.

From New York, Oct. 7—Rev. and Mrs T. Crocker, to join the Colombia Mission.

From San Francisco, Oct. 16—Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Clark, returning to India.

From New York, Oct. 17—Rev. and Mrs. H. P. Reid, Miss Cecil V. Sargent, to join the Mexico Mission.

From Vancouver, Oct. 30—Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Eakin, returning to S. Siam; Rev. and Mrs. W. J. McKee, returning to, Miss Elizabeth Douglas, to join the Punjab Mission; Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Judson, to join the Kiangan Mission.

From New York, Nov. 3—Miss Georgie A. Staley, to join the W. Africa Mission.

From San Francisco, Nov. 8—Miss S. C. Smith, Miss E. P. Milliken, returning to Japan.

From New York, Nov. 15—Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Carnahan, Miss Lucile Breiner, to join the Brazil Mission.

MARRIAGES:

Sept. 10—Rev. Frank B. Llewellyn, of the Punjab Mission and Miss Eleanore K. Holliday.

Oct. 21—Dr. Rolla E. Hoffman and Miss Helen M. Easton, of the East Persia Mission.

RESIGNATIONS:

Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Welbon, of the Chosen Mission. Appointed 1900.

Miss M. E. Patterson, of the W. India Mission. Appointed 1902.

Miss Carrie L. Few, of the Chosen Mission. Appointed 1914.

DEATHS:

At Chiengrung, Oct. 17—Rev. Dr. W. C. Dodd, of the N. Siam Mission. Appointed 1886.

At Albuquerque, N. M.—Mrs. George Dunbar, of the N. India Mission. Appointed 1912.

At Hengchow, Nov. 17—Mrs. S. C. McKee, of the Hunan Mission. Appointed 1910.

At New York, Nov. 23—Dr. R. W. Carter, of the Philippine Mission. Appointed 1907.

At Tabriz, Dec. 1—Rev. Frederick N. Jessup, of the W. Persia Mission. Appointed 1903.

A Little Syrian Maid

CHARLOTTE H. BROWN

SIDON SEMINARY, one of our three Mission boarding-schools for girls in Syria, has not been heard from much of late years. We missionaries, like nearly every one else in Syria, were more or less rigidly cut off from the outside world during the blockade consequent on Turkey's entrance in the war. The last year and a half of that time we were "straitly shut up," there was very little "going out" or "coming in," and as we had had no direct word from America, it was with great joy that we came into touch with our home people once more last fall when General Allenby told our little group of missionaries in Sidon, that we could send letters to the "ends of the earth." Turning to the French Military Governor, he said we might send our letters in the government mail bag.

Soon after that, as we and the people were too depleted financially to think of

Tower of Silence. It is about six miles from Teheran and can be seen from the city, white against the mountain side. The man standing beside it gives an idea of its great size. Into this tower the Parsees throw their dead to be devoured by ravens.

opening the boarding school in Sidon, I went into orphanage work under the Red Cross, by permission of the Mission, the school buildings were turned into an orphanage for girls and were soon filled to overflowing. Others of the Mission were also in different forms of relief work under the Red Cross, and we continued to be connected with that organization till we were demobilized July 1, 1919.

We had orphans of all degrees of poverty and destitution. I could tell a long story about them, but I want to confine myself to telling about one small child named Fatmeh.

She was a little Mohammedan of about seven years of age, living with her grandmother in a small village, one of many places investigated by Capt. S. D. Jessup's relief workers. Her step-mother was living in Beirut, and her father was supposed to be dead. She was a little thing with a large head, dark complexion, bright black eyes and good teeth. She was so sweet, refined and lovable that Betty Byerly chose her for one of her special friends, though Betty is three or four years younger. She was a happy child, with her new dress and underwear, her beloved apron, and her new cap, all made at Capt. Jessup's Industrial Works. Her shoes from America and her kindergarten life completed her happiness.

One day word came that some one wished to see me and going downstairs I found a nice-looking young man, well dressed and intelligent. He was Fatmeh's father. He had been a runaway soldier before the armistice and had twice been brought into Beirut with hands bound. Twice he had escaped, no doubt by bribing his captors who, like many other soldiers, helped to feed themselves during the starvation times by accepting presents to allow drafted men to remain in hiding. When the Turks fled before the advancing arms of the British forces under General Allenby, this young shoemaker, among hundreds of men, came out of hiding and took up his trade again. He thought at first that his little daughter had died of starvation, but some one told him he would find her with us. I sent for Fatmeh and they fell into each others' arms and wept.

Then the father said, "I have come to take you home with me." "But I don't wish to go." "What! you do not wish to go with me?" "No, I wish to stay and get knowledge!" But I will put you into a school in Beirut." "I wish to learn about God." "But *we* will teach you about God."

Finally I intervened in behalf of the chagrined parent, telling her that as her father had come for her, she would have to go with him. He told her he would give her anything, what would she like? "A pair of stockings." "Yes, and a pair of shoes." "No, the Americans gave me shoes."

I told her she might keep her new shoes, her new clothes and even her precious apron and yes, she was to get her little Arabic primer when she said good-bye to her teacher. I gave her a paper to show that she was not a runaway, but had permission to leave, and to bespeak her a place in some Mission school in Beirut. And so she left, much to our sorrow.

Several weeks after, though, the father reappeared with little Fatmeh, and a much perplexed father he was. He said he thought the only way to get rid of the little devil in her was to bring her back. She had tried once to run away and was so dissatisfied, begging him to bring her back to us, that he had finally done so. He had taken her to his little home village instead of directly to Beirut, and I suppose the clean, orderly life in our orphanage, with the kindergarten songs and games, had unfitted her for the unkempt, ill-bred and ragged children of her old home.

I was really glad to take her back, another little "brand" as it were, even though she was not then destitute and had a father who could feed and clothe her.

The cry for "knowledge," or education nowadays is very widespread in Syria, and through it we have a grand opportunity to enter many an open door all over the land. The relief work during the terrible shut-in years of famine has softened the hearts of all sects toward us and now is the time to take forward steps in all directions—evangelistic, educational and social.

A NARRATIVE of the present status of affairs in Persia was sent out from the office of Secretary Speer on November fourth to the friends of Persia missionaries, and was available for use in churches, periodicals, etc. For the benefit of readers who may not have seen this statement we make some quotations from it.—*Editor.*

POLITICAL CONDITIONS are difficult, but the access of missionaries to the people is more open than ever in all the East Persia stations. All that has come to the Board has been not only reassuring, but encouraging, the mission letters calling for large reinforcements and declaring that the opportunities are greater than they have ever been. The Urumia situation is the tragic one. As you remember, the Christian population, with the exception of a small remnant, fled in the summer of 1918, accompanied by Dr. Shedd, who died of cholera. The missionaries who remained in Urumia were later driven out by the Turks in October, 1918, and sent to Tabriz. Many of the Christians left behind were massacred, but a small group of 800, mostly women and children, were left in the mission compound and cared for with wonderful skill and courage by Mrs. Jacob David. In the spring Dr. Packard returned from Tabriz to Urumia with his family. Others of the Urumia missionaries were planning to join him when difficulties broke out in Urumia between the Persians and the Kurds. After some fighting, the Kurds were driven out of Urumia by the Persians and some of the Persians then attacked the Christians. The outcome might have been extermination of all the remaining Christians, and Dr. Packard and his family, had it not been for the courageous and effective action of Mr. Paddock, the American Consul in Tabriz, who took with him the Sardar-i-Fateh, formerly the efficient governor of Urumia, Dr. Dodd and Mr. Muller, went to Urumia and brought away the Packards and all the remaining Christians except such women and girls as were held captive in Moslem homes. I enclose a copy of a letter of the Rev. Jacob David, giving an account of the massacre and the subsequent rescue. Jacob David is an Assyrian who was educated at Brown University and Newton Theological Seminary, and who has been a most faithful and efficient teacher in the Boys' School for many years.

"On Sunday, word reached us that Mr. Paddock was only two hours away. Our joy and happiness was indescribable and we thanked God that he had heard our prayers. That evening, Mr. Paddock, who had come with Dr. Dodd, Mr. Muller and Sardar-i-Fateh, appeared. America ought to be proud of such noble sons, who, taking their lives in their hands, dared to come to this dangerous

region alone, to relieve the poor, needy and oppressed. Mr. Paddock brought the party by automobile through Salmas and Kuchee regions, full of irresponsible Kurds. In Salmas they met Ismail Agha (Simko) as he is called, and were received in a friendly manner and given an escort of a hundred men to Urumia. Mr. Paddock and his party passed through the most dangerous places in Persia, and it is a wonder how they ever got through safely. Success was due to Mr. Paddock's sagacity, tact, courage and forcefulness; there are few who would have met and carried the situation as he did. The night he arrived, there was a great deal of whispering and grumbling on the part of the Persians, especially when they heard he had come to take the Christians with him. It was rumored that a number had banded themselves together to massacre the Christians, if they attempted to leave the city. That evening a large band composed of all ranks of Persians, waited on Mr. Paddock, who talked to them through an interpreter, and made a very good impression on them. He knew how to deal with the Kurds and with the city Moslems; they all respected him and obeyed his orders and he was not deceived by them. June 17th, at 5 P. M., we left the government yard. Sardar-i-Fateh and Mr. Muller were leading, in the first car, then came the refugees on foot, followed by Mr. Paddock in the second car with the Packard family. The streets through which we passed, were lined with the mob and were kept under control by the soldiers, who stood with rifle in hand, in case of an attack on the refugees. After midnight we reached the lakeside, Mr. Paddock and Sardar-i-Fateh walking the twelve miles. The Sardar, while Governor in Urumia, just before the massacre, was a friend to the Christians ,and we were glad to have him as governor; had he been allowed to stay, the massacre would not have occurred, but he was sent away and a weak man sent in his place.

The question arises why the Urumia Moslems massacred the Christians? First, they did not want the refugees to return, thinking they would then get all their property, houses, lands and vineyards.

Second, they feared if the Christians returned there would be an investigation.

Third, investigation would at least be delayed.

Four, if there are no Christians, the British will not come to Urumia.

Fifth, they envied the Christians because of their former prosperity."

In a letter from Dr. Packard, dated August 14th, he stated that the French and American governments had agreed to hold a joint investigation of affairs in Urumia, the massacre in the French Mission yard, the murder of the head of the American Orphanage, and the massacre of Christians in the American mission ward, and that a commissioner had been appointed in Teheran to come to Tabriz for this investigation.

As far as the Christian population of Urumia and our work there is concerned, Urumia is just about wiped off the map. Everything there will need reconstruction, and I feel no less my own life. I don't know what lines I shall be ready to follow or to make, but I feel the need of finding very definite expression for what is really essential in the religious, educational and social life of the people among whom my days may be spent. I shall be greatly disappointed if the reconstruction is only an attempt to imitate or build up again the past. Miss Gillespie has been housekeeping for our variable group of workers and visitors. She has done fine work and has proved herself efficient, willing, self-reliant, faithful and personally attractive to all who meet her. She and I have shared the same tent in blistering sun and hurricanes of wind and rain, and she has always been unselfish and considerate.

(Mrs. W. A.) Mary L. Shedd.

The newly settled Packard home was looted; in fact, nothing remains in any of our buildings now. The Allen house has been partially burned, and doors, windows and timbers torn out. We very much fear that the beautiful, old trees in the College grounds have been destroyed. Mr. Paddock, our American Consul, has been most interested and most helpful at all times. He did not fail the people in this time of dire need, and we all are most grateful for his aid.

(Miss) Marie Gillespie.

Tabriz.

THE CHILDREN'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

The plan of the Children's Golden Jubilee Campaign has been carried out with gratifying success in Austin, Ill. Besides bringing in two hundred and eighty new subscriptions to *Over Sea and Land*, it has given mission work such an impetus among the children that they will never forget the *fun* they had *working* for missions. The plan is to divide the children into teams or sides in a contest to see which can produce the greatest number of new subscriptions to *Over Sea and Land*, captains and lieutenants being appointed to see that the work does not lag, and the reward being a party given by the losing side to the winning, in addition to the Blue Ribbon badge given by the magazine to the child who secures five new subscriptions, and the Peace Pin, to the one who gets fifteen. It is safe to say that losers and winners alike have a good time at the party! In Austin, the drive lasted a month. In other places the time might be cut down to two weeks. Meetings to report progress must be held—and the person in charge must be a *booster*.

Start the Children's Golden Jubilee Campaign at once—literature describing it can be secured from your Board literature rooms. It is well worth while.

CONSCRIPTS OF CONSCIENCE

CAROLINE ATWATER MASON

"As I was saying," Mary continued, "if all goes as planned, in about six months I shall affix a modest shingle out there by the office door, below yours, and we shall be partners. Really, you mustn't allow yourself to become seriously embittered; it would be awkward for the firm."

There was a moment of silence which Paul broke by remarking:

"You've had a species of trial marriage; I mean, a mighty good chance to try out this business of being woman in medicine, surgery rather, in fact you've had it at the hardest. Women doctors in these parts seldom have to help repair bridges under bombardment, or perform operations on men encased in filth and mud, or do various other of those stunts you have been up against. But all this apart, you ought to have a pretty clear notion now of how you like the job, shutting off the hereditary and conscientious and feministic prepossessions in which of old you indulged pretty freely. At close range, how do you like it? Do you really want to go on?"

"I really do, although I am not so keen for it as I was over there, Paul. My practice of medicine seems comparatively unimportant, I'll have to admit, here at home, but I shall get used to that, I suppose. I can't say that any one in Springfield seems to be suffering or dying for lack of my attention."

"Oh, no, you've got to learn now to put up with weaker stimuli. Isn't it Mrs. Deland?—somebody says, 'we have fed on champagne and red pepper and now our diet is to be skimmed milk?'"

"Yes," Mary returned a little pensively, "that describes my present sensation very neatly. However, unless you really hate me as a partner, Paul, I am for carrying on. Do you see anything better for me to do?"

"Better? Oh, well, that depends, of course, on the point of view. You're making a bully doctor, that I'll have to admit in spite of my perfectly natural prejudice against you"—again the whimsical smile. "Oh, yes, Mary, I rather like the notion of our practising together myself; since you've had this war experience I'm much more for it than I ever was before. You're made of mighty good material and I am proud as Lucifer of you, if the truth were to leak out."

"You say you like the notion yourself. Does that mean that mother doesn't?" Mary bent forward and with shovel and tongs urged the half-burnt logs into flame. This done, she looked searchingly into her brother's face.

Paul shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"I suppose she talks to you more freely than she would to me," Mary added. "She is such a splendid sport she wouldn't like"—here she broke off.

"That's right. Mother plays the game according to the rules. I don't think she has ever had the slightest qualm at the woman-in-medicine notion *per se;* unluckily she *has* got it into her head that you're handsome, you know, or something of the sort, and so—"

"Paul!" Mary broke in, laughing. "You've never been disturbed with hesitation for any such reason."

"Never! Lucia and I—of course you can trust your sister-in-law and your brother for that,—have never agreed with mamma on that point. 'Not handsome but distinguished' is our formula; quite nice and fraternal, don't you think?"

With these words Paul rose. Some one was coming in at the far end of the dim, book-lined room.

"Here you are, mother," he called and drew a cushioned chair to the fender between himself and Mary.

"How perfect!" sighed Mrs. Earle, as she seated herself, holding out a hand to each, her look finely maternal. "I handed over the meeting to Mrs. Patton and hurried home, hoping for this twenty minutes together before tea. Now—don't stand—but sit, and deliver just what you were talking about when I came in. Let's go right on from where you broke off. Your voices sounded so interesting."

"Oh, we were simply speaking of the fact that you are not very keen about Mary's practising medicine, partly, as I understand it, because she is rather good looking, and all that. That you would, after all, be glad to have her consider, ending her professional career with this military distinction that she has contrived to pull off."

Mrs. Earle laughed loud and fondly. Paul pleased her, habitually.

"It does seem rather a pity," she commented, her eyes on the fire, Mary's hand still in hers.

"But really, Mother, I don't see why," the girl began with some eagerness, "my life would be seclusion and leisure compared with the life you live. Just look at what you do! You are president of the Woman's Society of the church and secretary of the Tuesday Club, and then there are the Daughters and Dames, the Liberty Loan Association, the Library Committee—Chairman of that—the Red Cross, the National Defence, Food Conservation, and"—here Mrs. Earle stopped her, laughing.

"Perfectly true, Mary. But I am fifty-four years old. I have very recently, while you were away, clarified my own thinking by a new—formula, let us call it. I heard Paul talking of formulas when I came in. Between twenty and forty-five, for the sake of round numbers—I would say—a woman's most delightful quality—I mean aside from religion and morals, is glamour."

"Glamour!" cried the son and daughter in concert. "What can you mean?"

"Look in your dictionary. It is a fresh synonym for charm, a word of which I am tired; also it means more and other; perhaps it has a touch of mystery. It is a thing

superadded to looks, wit and grace, and from the personal point of view, it is the thing most to be desired. After fifty it would be superfluous if it persisted, which it does not."

"There is nothing like glamour about me," laughed Mary Earle frankly.

"That is not proof that there might not be if you gave yourself a chance. I haven't the smallest doubt that Mary can succeed respectably in medicine; she might, just as Paul might, become even distinguished. Your father did, and you are both like him. But to win your way in this or any other profession of a like nature, Mary, you must forfeit—"

"Glamour!" cried Mary. "I see. It doesn't comport with the woman doctor—there are no mystical meanings in fruit of that color. Therefore, in order to gain this precious, indefinable something, you would like me to stay at home like the other girls, go in moderately for philanthropy and religion, for society, bridge, amateur dramatics and dancing. 'All things by turns and nothing long.' How I should hate such a life! My father's daughter! Why should I, any more than my father's son?"

Mary was interrupted at this point by the entrance of Mrs. Paul Earle with two cherubic children whose effect was to render Mrs. Earle instantaneously all grandmother, Paul all father, and Mary all aunt. As the maid appeared with the tea-tray at one door, a soft rustle of silk was heard at another, and there came in to join the group around the fireplace a white-haired woman, tall, slender and erect. There was a headlong rush of the children in her direction and a general chorus of joy that "Granny" was in time for tea! Plainly, Mrs. Earle's mother, Mrs. Lorimer, was popular in the family.

"Captain Preston, U. S. A." Mary Earle read the card presented to her on a tray, looked at the waiting maid and, pronouncing the name aloud, said with a puzzled expression:

"Who is Captain Preston? I am sure I can't think!" At the moment she was standing before her mirror, fastening in place a new hat with soft plumes which interested her.

"I'm sorry, Miss Mary, but I can't tell you that, for I never saw him before. He's a fine set-up officer, anyhow——"

"Oh, of course, Lizzie," Mary interrupted, "I know now perfectly well. But, dear me! how can I stop to talk with him when I have promised to call at the parish house for Granny, and I've told the children they should have a bit of a drive first and . . ." Mary paused, regarded the back of her head attentively for a moment in a hand-glass, then, with a smile at Lizzie, which infused sudden warmth into the girl's soul, she summed up the situation with, "It's all right. I'll go down and see him. Will you give Frank word not to bring out the car until I send for him and then tell the children Aunt Mary will give them their drive after she brings Grandmother home instead of before."

With this Mary ran down to the drawing-room where she received her shipmate of the *Cumberland* with unaffected but not exaggerated cordiality.

"I won't hold you up, Doctor, not on your life! Don't worry. I guess I know that every minute in the day counts for a professional woman," the Captain thus launched forth on his conversational activity. "You see, it's this way: I'm headed for Camp Devons, but as I got near Springfield this afternoon, thinks I, how I'd like to look in and see Dr. Earle. So I stopped off just one train. You know, you and I hit it off pretty well there on board, though I never saw much of you, not half as much as I wanted to. My goodness, though, don't you look different, in civilian togs? Say, but I just loved the way you looked on the ship, too, in that old blue uniform; it set you off in a class by yourself and there's where you belong."

Mary made a merry interruption seeking to turn aside the flow of personalities, but her success was not marked. Looking around him, Captain Preston commented:

"Do you know while I've been sitting here waiting for you to come down I couldn't help thinking how this place just exactly fits you to a T. Seems as if, if anybody'd asked me before I came what sort of a place you lived in, I should have gone ahead and described this very house, the way it stands back from the street, and the street, too,—that keep-yourself-to-yourself look of it! I knew when I turned the corner you'd live on it."

"Yes, that wouldn't be difficult, would it? the name being on the lamp post," laughed Mary.

"Oh, now you're guying me. That isn't what I mean. You understand all right. But those old family portraits—they just find me. I've quite a taste for art myself, also for ancestors. I've got two or three pretty fair ones to my own account. But when it comes to old mahogany I'll confess I'm not in it. This you've got here is out of sight. But somehow a chap like me don't feel uneasy here, it's all so——" here the Captain hesitated for the first time.

"Unpretentious?"

"Yes, that's it. Now when I ran up to Albany from New York, the other day, I got in on the other side. It was like this: I saw quite a bit of that Constance Chilton on board, perhaps you may have noticed it, though I guess you didn't notice much outside your patient. We got rather chummy, to tell the truth, there toward the last. So when I was going to pass through Tarrytown, I just thought I'd drop off the train, the same as I have today, and make her a call. But it was not for mine! Run right along, son, and mind your own, that's what I said to myself when I got to the gates. They were enough for me—coat of arms, trick lions, all that sort of thing. Why it's a regular nobleman's estate, that Chilton outfit, and as I stood there outrolled a limousine with Miss Chilton herself in the tonneau and two chauffeurs in livery in front. She never saw me, you bet. I caught the next train sure enough," and the Captain

(*Continued on page* 258)

The Book Stall

THE RELATION OF NORTH AMERICAN WOMEN TO THE FOREIGN MISSION PROBLEM AFTER THE WAR, 5 cts.

Do not miss reading this leaflet written in Mrs. Cronk's inimitable style. It piques the curiosity at first, it stimulates enthusiasm at the realization of woman's part in the program of the Church, it sets a standard of giving and living that makes the former one seem absurd. It puts a new meaning into universal enlistment for service. It portrays true consecrated motherhood and leads to the question for each of us, "What shall our measure be?"

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Why Not Make a Christmas Gift
of one of the Text-Books, a Subscription to the Magazine, or *The Year Book of Prayer for Missions?*

(*Continued from page* 257)

shook his head, laughing ruefully at his own discomfiture.

"I think it meant a great deal for a girl brought up in that fashion to go out as a nurse the way Miss Chilton did," remarked Mary.

The Captain gave a shrug, denoting lukewarm sympathy with the observation, then volunteered the comment:

"There's Balfrey, poor old chap, our 'mysterious Major', you remember? I don't suppose you've heard anything more of him since we landed?"

"No, have you?"

"Not a word, though I've haunted all the officers' clubs in New York the past week and kept my eyes and ears open. I'd like to know what he's going in for next. I've an idea of my own that he's somewhere this minute in dry-dock, getting mended up, you know, the way they do."

"They certainly are very successful in that line since the war," Mary responded, then, rising, she sent word for the family car to be brought to the door.

Having explained her engagement, Mary gladdened the soldier's honest heart by including him in the expedition to the extent of conveying him to the station and speeding him on his way. Thus the Captain departed with a warm sense that he had been a welcome guest, not an intruder. No faintest suspicion rose within him as he traveled on towards his camp, that Doctor Earle, for an appreciable length of time, might have been unable to recall who he was or where she had known him. "That girl is just one peach," he reflected, his face touched with unusual gentleness: "She's thoroughbred and she's all business, sure enough, but she's got such a big heart and such a way with her,—puts a fellow at his ease the first minute!"

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"The American missionaries have been a blessing to Persia. By their patience, charity, formation of public opinion in favor of the pure, the honest, and the true, and by the elevation of the moral standard, they stand as an ensign of what each of us values most. Shall we not be proud of them? During eighty long years they have ministered to the spiritual as well as the temporal needs of the community, but at no time have they performed a more praiseworthy and a nobler service than during the persecutions and massacres occasioned by this War."

—*From the Persian.*

ALL LOOK TO AMERICA as the true friend of Persia, and I think it may be a comfort to us to know that through all these years of unrest, the Persians have kept their faith in us just because as a nation and as individuals (for they judge all Americans by the few whom they see here and those who represent the Boards and Church at home) they believe that we have not come to be ministered unto, but to minister. They read the papers, those who can read, they talk by the hour in the coffee-houses, about our President and others in high office, and they praise what they consider an unselfishness unattainable for human beings.

(MRS. J. D.) GRACE J. FRAME.

HOME DEPARTMENT

Changing the Christmas Motto

KATHERINE THAXTER

"CHRISTMAS, THE SEASON OF GIVING, is almost upon us," began Mrs. Winchell in her clear, forceful tones. She had risen to close the meeting with prayer, the members supposed, according to her usual custom, and the people who are always in a hurry to get away were already picking up wraps and preparing for departure. But something in her voice compelled their attention. Mrs. Winchell's remarks usually meant something.

"No, I am not going to ask you for money for anything special." She gave them her friendly, reassuring smile. "I know you are all very generous. I once heard some one say, however, that most people's Christmas motto was 'Give and it shall be given unto you.' We have had such a picture of the world's woe presented to us today that I wonder if we do not need to examine our own particular kind of Christmas giving to see if it would come under that motto. If it does, can we not change it to the one the Master Himself gave us, 'Give to him that asketh thee.' That asking may not be with a physical voice, but out of its great need, the whole world is crying for help from you and me. Can you honestly say, all of you, that no one is asking in vain for something you possess. A Christmas motto, like the other decorations, sometimes needs to be renewed. I recommend my new one to you."

It was just one of Mrs. Winchell's verbal bombs that she always seemed to have on hand to drop into the serene complacence of the Spring Avenue Church missionary society after they had had a "good" meeting, as they called it to each other. They smiled at each other knowingly. She never failed to send them home with something new to think about.

That night, in her own room, Annabelle Noyes surveyed her carefully-wrapped Christmas presents with an odd expression. What was it Mrs. Winchell had said, "Give and it shall be given unto you," and was it her fancy or did Mrs. Winchell really look at her when she said it? Was that her motto? Those tissue-papered trifles represented a lot of time and thought, for Miss Noyes was one who started early in the year to get ready for Christmas, and her hands worked incessantly all through the summer on dainty monogrammed towels, exquisitely embroidered garments and soft crocheted and knitted things. She had a wonderful gift in her fingers. Everyone of her friends was glad to get a Christmas gift from her. True, lovely things found their way to her in return, things she delighted to have, pictures, quaint pottery, beads from abroad, fine china. But it was rather sordid to put it that way—give and get in return. She began to defend herself. These gifts were all for her friends. One just had to remember those in one's own circle. It would be absurd for her to go down to Goose Hollow, for instance, and give away her lovely work to those people with no taste and no appreciation of fine needlework. Besides, she included many who gave her nothing in return. Somehow, it looked like a pitifully small number when she went over them in her mind —money to the laundress, fine aprons to the maid, a book for the cook's little girl. Was there no one whose eyes asked anything of Annabelle Noyes?

Quite suddenly there rose to her mind the face of a tall, dark, handsome girl—Marian Carle, who passed her window every morning on her way to High School. Miss Noyes was interested in her and always a little sorry for her, she was so shabby and so poorly dressed and

yet held herself with such proud grace. Miss Noyes had known Marian's mother, in far-off school days. She was now a widow with a houseful of children whom she was struggling to educate. What if she should give that beautiful linen smock that she had made for Edna Murray's girl, to Marian Carle, whose dark eyes asked so hungrily for beauty? Edna Murray could buy her daughter all the clothes she craved, but Marian Carle's mother couldn't. But the Murrays would expect—pshaw!—"Give and it shall be given unto you," again. With a queer smile, Annabelle Noyes sat down at her desk and deliberately made out a list of Christmas gifts that would come under the new motto, "Give to him that asketh thee." And that was the way Miss Noyes first started her famous work among girls, for Marian Carle got the linen smock and with a school-girl's ardor made such a friend of Miss Noyes that before she knew it she was acting as guide, philosopher and friend to a whole host of girls and was so deeply interested in all their pursuits that she was soon sought out as a leader for them.

Mrs. Anderson had gone home from the meeting in her usual placid frame of mind. She had partaken of an ample dinner and now sat in her comfortable living-room enjoying the blaze of the open fire. Mrs. Anderson was one who felt she had earned the rest she was now taking. She had toiled hard for many years to help her husband make his money and then when prosperity came to them he had not lived to enjoy it. So money lay in the bank adding to itself, for after she had satisfied herself with possessions—a house, its furnishings, clothes, etc.—she did not know how to enrich her life in any other way. She went to church and to the missionary society because it was something to do. She gave what she considered a liberal offering and then stopped. She liked Mrs. Winchell, though, she could always get something from what she said. But what did she mean to-day—"Give to him that asketh thee?" What nonsense! People were always asking for money. Well, the room was warm and Mrs. Anderson had eaten heartily. Suddenly she found herself surrounded by little children, such children, too, all skin and bone. Some thrust gaunt hands in her face, but some of them just gave her sick looks out of hollow eyes and fell over in little heaps. The crowd got bigger, more and more pitiful faces, women with babies, and men staggering and falling. Why this was the terrible famine in India, and all these people had nothing to eat. Once in her early days Mrs. Anderson had fed a family that had been almost starving. The sight had photographed itself on her brain, the thin, skinny arms of the children, the pinched, blue face of the baby; the mother's wild stare. When the famine sufferers in India had been described that day at the meeting, even phlegmatic Mrs. Anderson could visualize their sufferings.

She started up now as some coal clattered in the grate. What a horrible dream! The familiar outlines of the room were as usual, there were no starving children present. But Mrs. Anderson was shaken. These people had asked something from her. What? Food. She'd like to feed them all. Well, why not? She had plenty of money. The habit of years asserted itself. "I'll give ten dollars," she said. Then as she remembered the hosts of children she took a sudden plunge. "I'll give a thousand dollars!" And that was the beginning of the Anderson gift to India, which grew to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Mary Barton and her widowed sister, Ellen Winters, lived in the old Barton homestead down in what was now one of the most congested districts in town. Mrs. Winters was crippled by a fall and could not get out, so it was Mary's pleasant duty to go to all the meetings and retail all that happened at them to her sister at the supper-table. Christmas giving and Christmas feasting were all things of the past to those two lonely souls who

had barely enough to live on, but they dearly loved to dwell on the enjoyments of others.

"Well," said Ellen, that evening, as she heard of Mrs. Winchell's closing words. "The only thing we have is this old barracks of a house. I don't think anyone wants that from us."

Mary laid down her knife and fork with sudden emphasis.

"Why, Ellen, that's the very thing! You know Miss Simpson was in here last night, telling us how they wanted to gather the mothers of this neighborhood into a club and give them a Christmas party! But the mothers can't go far away from this neighborhood and the little, old mission rooms are crowded to suffocation now with the children's doings. These people are asking us for the very thing we have to give them. Let's offer them our rooms."

"Give to him that asketh thee," Ellen's eyes shone. And that is how the old Barton homestead became the nucleus of a great community work.

Shirley Brown had played the piano at the missionary meeting that day. Half of the time she listened and half of the time she had been occupied with her own problems. What was she to do with her life? Here she was, after four busy years of college, just putting in her time doing little things like these whenever anybody asked her. Wasn't there something in the world that she could do, something that would really count. Mrs. Winchell's words said themselves over in her mind, "Give to him that asketh thee!" What had she to give? *Herself* to the mission field! It was a new and startling thought. Her heart gave a queer, little leap. What if that was what she was to do?

Mrs. Winchell thanked her for playing, and then suddenly drew the girl closer and whispered in her ear.

"Some give money, and some give time, and only a few can give themselves. You can do that, Shirley."

And that is how Shirley Brown went out to the foreign field from the Spring Avenue Church.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS

From Philadelphia

Send all letters to 501 Witherspoon Building. Directors' meeting first Tuesday of each month at 10.30. Prayer-meeting, third Tuesday at 11. Visitors welcome at both meetings.

PRAYER-MEETING, December 16th. TOPICS: *Our Mission Study Classes; Syria, Persia.*

RECEIPTS FROM September 15th to October 15, 1919, were $10,955.16, as against $2,841.38 for the same month in 1918, $1,250 of which came as legacies and $1,450.25 for Jubilee Fund, giving an increase in regular work of $5,413.53.

THE JUBILEE: Four months and the bells will ring to celebrate the joyful festival. Let not the multiplicity of Drives intimidate us—ours has its own divine right, and we confidently expect success. But we need to use all the aids provided or suggested, not now and then, but *continuously*. Let us all get the little pamphlet of Jubilee Hymns from our Headquarters and sing them at our meetings till we know them by heart. Let us keep the memory of the Founders and devoted members of our societies green through special gifts to be used for the sending out of new missionaries; let us pray often for those who have in charge the plans for celebration, and for ourselves who celebrate, that God may be glorified with joyful gratitude, that we may not wait till next March, but be forehanded with our gifts, that everything from beginning to end may be marked by a holy enthusiasm and a mighty missionary advance. Let us emulate our sisters of the Methodist Church, who set their pace and triumphantly overtook it in their recent Jubilee Campaign. Every individual of us is responsible for a magnificent victory.

J. M. T.

DIRECTORS' MEETING was led by Mrs. Watters, who read Col. 3:12-17, Paul's message to the elect of God. The following associate missionaries were adopted: Miss Mary D. Fine, to go to China; Miss Alice Niederhauser, to go to Mexico; Miss Anna M. Sykes, fiancée of Mr. James H. Bryars, to go to Hunan; Miss Charlotte Young, to go to E. Persia; Miss Sarah L. Strong, to go to N. Siam; Miss Ruth McC. Judson, to go o Kiang-An; Miss Lois C. Wilson, to go to Syria; Mrs. Douglas Forman (Miss March), reappointed to N. Siam; Miss Rebecca W. Griest, to go as affiliated missionary to Ginling College.

WE WERE very glad to have with us Miss Elizabeth P. Milliken, of Japan, and to hear of some of the interesting things that were going on there. She said that there was no opposition on the part of the government to the Christians, who were growing slowly, and that the new progressive party and the Christians were allied in their interests. She said that women would have a larger share in af-

fairs in the future. It was a very great pleasure to have Mrs. William Jennings, President of the Carlisle Presbyterial Society, with us. The presence of so many missionaries made the prayer-meeting of especial interest. Rev. F. G. Coan, of Urumia; Dr. and Mrs. C. A. K. Janvier, of India; Miss Charlotte Brown, of Syria; Mrs. A. G. Fletcher, of Korea; Mrs. H. A. Muller, M.D., of Persia, and Deaconess Craig, of China. Mr. Coan spoke of the wonderful courage of the Christian men and women through all their awful suffering and said that the spirit of the missionaries and the love and forgiveness of the Christians was influencing Moslems and breaking down the barriers. They were seeing something in the Christian religion that was not in theirs.

MISS BROWN, Principal of Sidon Seminary, said that they had been able to keep the day-school open all through the war and graduate their classes. Dr. Janvier dwelt on India's loyalty and help to Great Britain during the war, and of Great Britain's plans for greater self-government for India in the near future.

THE THANK OFFERING for 1919-1920 will be Santiago.

SEND for the very complete *Jubilee Program for Local Societies* now ready—it is adapted to the needs of all societies and is full of helps and suggestions.

From Chicago

Meetings at Room 48, 17 N. State St., every Friday at 10 a. m. Visitors welcome.

IT IS REFRESHING to be able to greet you again after the interruption of communication caused by the printers' strike. They meant us no harm, and we hope they, too, are refreshed from the rest it gave them. It is like coming out after an illness. The old, familiar sights look good and new to us.

SOMETIMES we wonder whether you are getting full value from our splendid page, *The Book Stall.* The literature it pictures to you is written and rewritten with the utmost care to fit exactly your need and tastes in your department of the missionary program. Publication Committees sit in judgment on each article, changing and cutting. The type, the color, the style—everything that goes into the "make-up"—as well as the subject matter calls for the most thoughtful decisions. Look over these leaflets and let us know our failings. Even a word of commendation might help.

OUR TREASURER, Mrs. Bradley, says our financial reports for the first six months of the fiscal year are fine—a total increase of $44,070.28. The last six months are always the best. In Indiana, Iowa, Michigan and Minnesota, *every presbyterial society* increased its gifts. Indiana in the lead with a 642 per cent. increase! Only one state falling behind—and we'll give them another chance before we mention the name.

OUR PLAN for sewing for Overseas Hospitals is proving quite popular. Six of our twelve synodical societies have already chosen the hospital for which they desire to sew—are sending out their quotas and the women are getting to work.

INTERESTING REPORTS are coming in from the synodical meetings which are convening this month. We have been able to send a Field Secretary, a missionary or a Board representative to each synodical meeting in our territory. Splendid returns are coming in as to work accomplished and money raised.

THE MOST INTERESTING item has come to us from the South Dakota meeting, in Mrs. Doolittle's report: "The Dakota Indian women sent their representatives to this synodical meeting to bring their pledge of $500 to the Jubilee gift—the Cottage at Landour, India. They brought $280 of the money with them. Two of their number spoke before the meeting, telling of their church life and work and their missionary interest. It brought a thrill to every heart and tears to all eyes. The *Indians* to *India!*

IF WE ONLY had the whole magazine instead of a short column we could give you the full stenographic story of our Friday morning meetings as they come to us from our most faithful and capable Miss Hopkins, but we must be contented with an abbreviated running account. Our visitors and speakers have been Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Clark, of Lahore, India, who said the two great enemies of India were internal sedition and the external enemy, Afghanistan. There is but one missionary to every 94,000. Miss Clark read a letter from Miss Margaret Patterson, who announces her resignation from definite missionary work to give her whole time (under appointment by the Durbar and British Government, with permission from the Maharaja), to the care of the little Indian Prince "Baba Sahib." She has full care and the privilege of teaching him as she chooses. Miss Rumsey gave a report of a W. G. Conference in Miles City, Montana, where ten Guilds were represented by thirty-two delegates.

From New York

Prayer-meeting, first Wednesday of each month, 10.30 A. M. Assembly Room, Eighth Floor, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Other Wednesdays, half-hour meetings, 10.30-11.00 A. M., for prayer and reading of missionary letters. Literature should be obtained from Room 818.

THE FIRST REGULAR monthly meeting, since summer, was held on Wednesday, October 8th, and was one of unusual interest. The president, Miss Davison, presided. Mrs. Waters gave an account of the Women's Foreign Missionary Conference, at Northfield, and Miss Kerr, Young People's Secretary of the Board, also Leader of Camp Westminster, at Northfield, told of the growth of the Camp since 1914, from twelve members then, to sixty-four in 1919, and of the corresponding increase of missionary interest on the part of the young women. Four missionaries were present at the meeting, Mrs. Williams, of China; Mrs. Ford, of Syria; Miss Gauthey, of India, and Mrs. Carter, of the Philippines. The collection was for Famine Relief in India, Miss Gauthey having spoken briefly of the great need. Dr. Stanley White, just returned from Syria, told of conditions there and of Amer-

ica's wonderful opportunity. Mr. P. Carter Speers brought a message which emphasized the important connection between chemistry and industrial missions in the Punjab Mission, India.

ONLY about half the presbyterial societies have sent the names of their Jubilee Members to headquarters. Will those who have not done so earlier, send word immediately to Miss Davison, Room 818, giving the name and address of their Jubilee member, or of the person acting in that capacity? Jubilee Receipts, $22,767.57.

MRS. PETER STRYKER represented the Board at the meeting of New Jersey Synodical Society at East Orange, on October 9th, and reported, among other items of interest, that an important innovation was made when the reports of the past year were printed and distributed, thus giving the officers time to "give a *forward* look and to suggest in a most helpful way different methods of improving and strengthening the work."

THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE comes from the Literature Department: "Many of our presbyterial societies report unusual sales at their fall meetings. This is most encouraging. The study-book of the year, *A Crusade of Compassion for the Healing of the Nations,* is proving very popular; 100,000 copies have been sold throughout the country, and a new edition of 25,000 is now on the press. Send *now* for your supply. When ordering literature or books, please allow plenty of time for delivery, say *a week at least,* and where particular haste is required a "Special Delivery" stamp should be enclosed, then you will not have to write again telling us the literature did not arrive in time."

From San Francisco

920 Sacramento Street. Meetings first Monday of each month, at 10.30 and 1.30. Executive session, third Monday. Prayer Service, first and third Monday at 12-12.30.

INTERESTING FACTS in Student Committee activities were given by Mrs. F. A. Wickett, at October Board meeting. The college girl is looking for a *job,* and she is not looking for an easy one. The Annual Student Committee dinner for Presbyterian girls of the University of California was held recently at Westminster House, Berkeley, residence of Student Pastor Hillis and his wife. The invitations were in rhyme, cleverly composed by one of the girls. Some replied in rhyme. One hundred and seventy-five girls attended the dinner, which was cooked and donated by the women of the Berkeley Presbyterian churches. A talk by Miss Erma Gilbert, herself a college girl, on her work for the Church Extension Board—church community service—was well received. One girl said, in appreciation of the attention shown them: "On Sunday there are no 'eight o'clocks,' and we usually stay in bed and rest, but if Presbyterian women think enough of the college girls to invite us, I am going to one of the Bible classes and to church afterwards, and will take other girls with me."

MRS. EVELYN BROWNE KECK, our new Field Secretary, is having great success in her first missionary journey for the Board. Women in distant California towns appreciate her stirring presentation of missionary news, and respond to the appeal to devote themselves to efforts for the Jubilee-New Era. In some interior places missionaries are rarely seen, and Secretaries of Literature are unknown.

MRS. JAMES H. SPEER, of Berkeley, New Era Secretary, gave her report, and later sang a sweet solo. Rev. H. H. Bell, D.D., recently returned from overseas service with the "Y" in France and Germany, gave an interesting account of his experiences.

THE CHINESE GIRLS have returned from their annual prune-picking campaign near Los Gatos. Their harvest this year was three hundred tons. The Christian Endeavorers of the Los Gatos Presbyterian Church were very kind to the girls, taking them in their automobiles to Christian Endeavor meetings, providing refreshments, and offering other thoughtful attentions while they were in camp.

From Portland, Oregon

WE FEEL that we can report that in most districts the different departments of missionary education and Jubilee work are really begun in the enthusiastic campaign desired. Schools of missions, under interdenominational committees, are being pushed in large centers, for these schools are being conducted under a federation of evangelical churches. In one center a series of *normal classes* for each book are held two or three times a week, to train *leaders.* These classes are conducted by experts, or at least the very best training teachers at hand. Each church of each denomination desiring to participate in this study drive is instructed (1) to appoint its own committee to have general oversight of the work; (2) to decide which books are to be used; (3) secure leaders for these books; (4) to send these leaders to the normal classes. It is explained that a School of Missions is a method by which each church attempts to reach all ages through simultaneous Mission Study classes, meeting once a week for six weeks. The foreign missionary books to be used are the following: *Mook,* for primary classes; *The Honorable Crimson Tree,* for Junior classes; *Ministers of Mercy,* for young people; *New Life Currents in China,* for adults; *Crusade of Compassion,* for women; *World Facts and America's Responsibility,* for men. All of these books can be obtained in any quantities from Miss Abby Lamberson, 454 Alder Street, Portland. Single churches anywhere can adapt the above methods and use the books for their own people. We wish every district could be as thoroughly organized for the work of Jubilee Year and Missionary Education as is eastern Oregon under Mrs. E. P. Mossman's masterful and devoted efforts. She is the Jubilee Key Woman for Oregon, and we urge other parts of the state to respond to her communications and councils in the same way. We hear of Idaho's earnest

meetings to awaken interest throughout that state. Wise counsels are bringing results there. Washington is aroused to the opportunities for study and aggressive work for the Jubilee Goals, and is sure to win in all the drives of this campaign year.

ALL OF US can give our prayers that the great scope of this united effort of the churches may develop into a period of vast enlargement of this missionary work which Jesus commanded his disciples to do. Notice the words below the hemisphere maps on pages four and five of the *Year Book of Prayer.*

FROM NOW until March first, which closes our financial year, is the best time of the year to push our efforts of service and prayer to the end that we shall enlarge our membership, our magazine subscriptions, bring in all our gifts for the regular work, and our $9,000 Jubilee gift of gold, and that lives may be consecrated to missionary work. A crying need is for nurses. Teachers, too, are greatly needed. Our Dr. Maud Allen needs to be supplied with a graduate nurse. Miss Hatch pleads for a teacher in our girls' school at Chiengmai.

RECEIPTS, SEPTEMBER 15 TO OCTOBER 15, 1919

By Totals from Presbyterial Societies

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church

BLAIRSVILLE,	$804.00
CHILLICOTHE,	159.48
CINCINNATI,	1,061.26
CLEVELAND,	1,049.10
COLUMBIA A,	14.00
FAIRFIELD,	34.21
FLORIDA,	25.00
LIMA,	239.89
MCMINNVILLE,	54.00
MERIDIAN,	22.25
NEW CASTLE,	125.00
NORTHUMBERLAND,	40.00
OXFORD,	53.59
PHILADELPHIA, NORTH,	$1,458.49
PITTSBURGH,	25.00
ST. CLAIRSVILLE,	250.00
STEUBENVILLE,	5.62
TOLEDO,	527.16
WASHINGTON CITY,	1,118.00
WESTMINSTER,	1,150.90
Miscellaneous,	279.70
Legacies, Int. on Investments,	2,453.36

For Regular Work,	$7,892.76	
Legacies,	1,250.00	
Jubilee Fund,	1,811.25	
War Emergency Fund,	41.00	
		$10,995.01
TOTAL RECEIPTS SINCE MARCH 15, 1919:		
For Regular Funds,	$95,124.75	
From Legacies and Annuities,	2,050.00	
War Emergency Fund,	146.00	
For Special Funds,	643.65	
For Jubilee Fund,	59,660.14	
		$157,624.54

JANET MCMULLAN, *Treasurer,*
501 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest—1919-1920

Illinois	
BLOOMINGTON P. S.,	$661.75
CHICAGO,	1,410.17
FREEPORT,	10.00
MATTOON,	510.35
OTTAWA,	78.00
PEORIA,	10.00
RUSHVILLE,	2,000.00
Indiana	
INDIANA P. S.,	.40
LOGANSPORT,	10.25
Iowa	
IOWA CITY, P. S.,	398.07
Michigan	
DETROIT P. S.,	1,963.28
FLINT,	84.20
KALAMAZOO,	90.45
LAKE SUPERIOR,	138.00
LANSING,	$178.11
PETOSKEY,	110.50
SAGINAW,	419.50
Minnesota	
MANKATO, P. S.,	267.00
Montana	
BUTTE P. S.,	68.75
HELENA,	70.70
YELLOWSTONE,	72.50
Nebraska	
HASTINGS P. S.,	27.14
NIOBRARA,	133.90
North Dakota	
BISMARCK P. S.,	56.75
MINNEWAUKON,	33.48
PEMBINA,	109.75
South Dakota	
ABERDEEN P. S.,	256.00
BLACK HILLS,	50.86
CENTRAL DAKOTA,	$99.50
DAKOTA,	210.80
Wisconsin	
CHIPPEWA P. S.,	93.00
MADISON,	120.50
Wyoming	
LARAMIE P. S.,	$10.00
Miscellaneous,	71.62
TOTAL,	$9,825.28

DESIGNATED RECEIPTS FOR MONTH:		
Regular Work,	$7,738.90	
Jubilee Fund,	2,086.38	
		$9,825.28
U. S. A. Third Liberty Loan Bond,		$100.00
TOTAL DESIGNATED RECEIPTS, MARCH 16 TO OCTOBER 15, 1919 (7 months of fiscal year):		
Regular Work,	$87,613.59	
Jubilee Fund,	23,736.04	
Total,		$111,349.63
U. S. A. Liberty Loan Bonds,		$550.00

MRS. THOS. E. D. BRADLEY, *Treasurer,*
Room 1808, 17 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church

ALBANY,	$255.00
BINGHAMTON,	764.00
BROOKLYN-NASSAU:	
BROOKLYN,	347.50
NASSAU,	317.00
BUFFALO,	1,063.00
CAYUGA,	786.14
CHAMPLAIN,	178.00
EBENEZER,	98.00
GENESEE,	197.56
GENEVA,	366.00
HUDSON,	236.80
JERSEY CITY,	370.50
LOGAN,	$86.00
LYONS,	244.45
MORRIS AND ORANGE,	1,144.00
NEWARK,	778.00
NEWBURYPORT,	47.00
NEW YORK,	6,136.31
NIAGARA,	438.25
NORTH RIVER,	473.45
OTSEGO,	119.00
PROVIDENCE,	55.00
ST. LAWRENCE,	203.00
STEUBEN,	435.00
SYRACUSE,	407.00
TROY,	$256.00
UTICA,	736.64
WESTCHESTER,	2.13
Interest,	$134.39
Legacies,	600.00
Miscellaneous,	236.80

RECEIPTS FROM SEPTEMBER 16TH TO OCTOBER 15TH:		
Regular,	$11,614.44	
Jubilee,	5,897.48	
		$17,511.92
TOTAL RECEIPTS SINCE MARCH 16, 1919:		
Regular,	$70,187.19	
Jubilee,	19,416.20	
War Emergency,	1.00	
		$89,604.39

(MRS. JAMES A. WEBB, JR.) NELLIE S. WEBB, *Treas.,*
Room 818, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest

ABILENE,	$132.25
ARDMORE,	42.00
CARTHAGE,	360.00
EMPORIA,	39.00
JONESBORO,	12.25
MCGEE,	13.00
NEOSHO,	$10.00
SANTA FE,	1.30
Miscellaneous,	4.49
	$614.29

Total for the month,	$614.29
Total for year to date,	20,062.74
Jubilee Fund for month,	292.65
Jubilee Fund for year to date,	7,535.79
Relief Fund for month,	5.00
Relief Fund for year to date,	251.50

MRS. B. F. EDWARDS, *Treasurer.*